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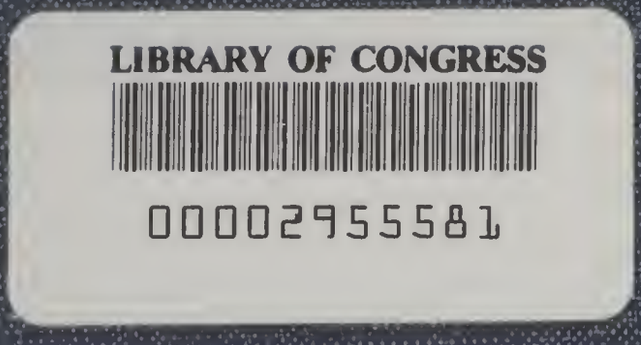

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THE

MAN OF BRONZ:

A POEM

ON THE

INDIAN CHARACTER.

IN SIX BOOKS.

BY

WILLIAM HETHERWOLD.

PHILADELPHIA:
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Gentle Reader,

The Indian, with his bow and arrows in his hands, and his symbolic honors of dancing feathers on his brow, may be regarded as the Western Apollo, shorn, indeed, of his harp, but yet retaining his spirit and fire. He is depicted on the arms of Virginia, trampling on the crown and truncheon, with his appropriate insignia in his hands.

Amongst the strange creations of America, Columbus certainly found him the strangest, and the enigma of his history has lasted longer than anything else to puzzle philosophers and sages. He is yet the greatest wonder of the New World, and the most remarkable thing is, that he is yet on the stage of action, and has not vanished or been transformed and flown away, like some of the poetic creations of his own mythology.

Manabozho, the Western Hercules, always maintained that the birds and beasts were his brothers and sisters, whom some subtle arts of necromancy had deprived of their human shapes, but not of their powers of reflection and reason; that they all had souls as well as men, and would some day get the mastery again—if not in this world, yet in that future paradise of hunters to which they all were going. This opinion always exercised a certain influence in Indian society.

To be serious—whatever other defects there are in In-

dian character, there is enough for imagination, and humanity too, to build on, even in these days of stale utilitarianism, when the scream of the steam-whistle and the thump of the piston completely drown the voice of the muses, and drive the poor nymphs off to the remotest nooks and corners. W. H.

THE MAN OF BRONZ:

A POEM

ON THE INDIAN CHARACTER.

I.

THINE be the task, adventurous Muse, to trace
The lost, wild, wandering, wayward Indian race;
As some bold sailor, on the ocean's brim,
Sees on the horizon, objects small and dim;
But if, with favoring breeze his course he steer,
Ships, islands, icebergs, plain-revealed appear,
So, in thy search of truths of mental kind,
Races and nations, tribes and men to find,
The doubtful vanquish, bring the distant near,
And make the dark, obscure, and shadowy clear.

To thee I turn, oh Time!—the test of things,
Man and his works, his actions and their springs—
Whose boundless course no mortal can explore,
Eternity behind, eternity before;
Who seest with eye supernal, unconfined,
The track of empire and the march of mind,

And settest thy broad seal, with steady ken,
Alike on ruled and ruler, states and men—
Thou art my guide, who witnessed Abel slain,
And Ai and Tadmor glittering o'er the plain;
Or, onward soaring, saw on Tiber's shore,
The Doric pile, where outlaws ruled before;
Who bid the Goth and Hun—Rome's iron-blight—
Start from their leaden trance and wake to light;
Who blanched the Briton of his woady strain,
And gave new polished nations to the plain,
Raising in arts and arms a living name,
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame;
Say, wilt thou here break off the glorious plan,
Nor lift to light Hesperia's lonely man?
Pass o'er the waste of the barbaric mind,
And leave it still unlettered, unrefined?
Say, shall the fire, the sacred fire that threw
O'er half the western world its stellar hue,
Impelling, by its pure etherial flame,
A nation leagued in freedom's holy name?
Say, shall his flame illuminate our strand,
To guide th' opprest from every distant land?
And no reviving rays be kindly spread
To light the hunter's solitary shed?
To soothe the lot in love or anger given,
To teach the arts of life and point the way to heaven?

Bland Dove! whose golden wings from Tarsus bore
Salvation's herald to the Corinth shore;
Who joyed to see, with Odin's thundering hall,
The giant form of superstition fall;
Or that still sterner power, by states adored,
That reeled beneath the stroke of Luther's sword;

Who erst displayed to Colon's raptured sight,
The proud Cacique,* in robe and cincture bright,
Is there not left of thy inspiring zeal
One burning ray, for modern times to feel?

Oh moral energy! that first creates
The purpose high, and then enlightens states—
That nerves the sage's, patriot's, Christian's heart,
In will and deed, to play the hero's part,
Thou, that hast scaled the Alps, enwrapt in snow,
And dashed lone oceans from thy daring prow,
Inspired the bard to lift his tranced eye,
And taught the sage to pierce the starry sky,
Giving to genius powers forever new,
Do'st thou not guide the missionary too?
Presenting moral fields and moral heights,
Higher than Andes' top, and Chimborazo's lights.

Spirit! who cast the flame on Carmel's hill,
The prophet's solemn wager to fulfil—
Who filled the finished Temple with a cloud,
And ruled on Pentecost, the trembling crowd,
Infusing inborn energy of soul,
The heart to melt, soothe, pacify, control—
Upbearing martyrs, through all flights of time,
And dread assaults of heaven-defying crime,
Thou—thou alone! the essence canst impart,
To quell the ocean of the savage heart,
Subdue the fury of its passion roar,
And still the moral tempests of its shore.

* Pronounced in three syllables by the Spanish, but limited here to two by popular English.

Thy gentle influence, thy tender power,
Soft as the zephyr breathing on the flower,
Can with new hopes the throbbing breast inspire,
The proud o'ermaster, and the fainting fire—
Send peace and joy, where pain and sorrow play,
And pour the burning light of endless day—
Give the wild heart each other's woes to feel,
And wake the lordly fire of virtue's zeal.
This Tindo verified where Brainerd prayed,
Along the wild Lenapëituc's* shade,
Or, once, what time the voice of Eliot rose,
To still the raven cries of Algon's woes.

The friends of man on that time-honored shore,
Where first our fathers drank the gospel lore,
Conning the healthful tomes of lettered thought,
That teach mankind its duty TO BE TAUGHT:
To act—to feel—to purpose—will and choose
As men, who have a soul to win—a soul to lose,
A right in valor, honor, worth to rise,
Exult in power, and battle for the skies,
That made a Berkeley, Hampden, Sidney, great,
And raised a William to the throne of state.

The sages of that older world, who scan,
O'er earth and sea, the busy toils of man,
As still from East to West the current pours,
Reluming desert isles, and lonely shores,
With ardent gaze, the lengthening shores survey
That glimmer latest in the evening ray;—
Those beaming shores, that ONE adventurer found,
And ONE immortal chief with freedom crowned—

* Delaware River.

And still, as they reflect on all behind,
Here wait the last great effort of the mind.
Believing, as their views they hither cast,
"TIME'S NOBLEST OFFSPRING" is, for aye, "THE LAST."

Say, shall that hope be blighted? shall their eyes
Behold the star-crown'd league to glory rise,
And no transfusing ardor fire the land,
The warrior-mind to polish and expand,
To aid those lights that feeble nature give,
And teach the great example, how to live!
Or, shall the red man, wheresoe'er he go,
In Saxon blood be doomed to meet a foe,
And droop, and pine, and perish on our coast,
To peace, to virtue, and to promise lost?
Forbid it, hope, faith, mercy! every tie
That rivets man to man, and to the sky.
Let nobler feelings thrill through ev'ry state,
Such feelings only make a nation great.

Come ye, whose hearts with love ecstatic burn,
To aid a wandering footstep to return,
The ready door to want and woe to ope,
To sigh with sorrow's sigh; to hope with hope;
To raise the sick; to give the weary rest,
And plant religion in the sinful breast.
Come, sage or statesman, whosoe'er thou art,
From many a care that blunts the patriot heart,
And brings to limits narrow and confin'd
Affections that should glow for human kind;
Leave, leave them all, with me awhile to stray,
The houseless, homeless Indians to survey—
That man of wonder, poverty, and pride,
Who first the gazing stranger deified,

Then found him frail, and madly grasp'd the spear,
To check his bold unsatisfied career,
And fought with courage; counselled with address,
Plied every art to conquer or repress;
But ever, with the waning seasons found
Still less and less the compass of his ground,
And scope of his authority: till all
That gives the power to act, or will to call,
Fell from his grasp; and pride, war, want, and care,
Bound on the iron fetters of despair,
And he, who held the crown, and pois'd the sword,
Became a suppliant, where he was a lord.

Avert the view, where, printed on the sky,
Hills based on hills in bright perspective lie
Far stretching to the mild and beamy west,
Beyond Owasco's wood-enamelled breast,
Beyond those cliffs, the scene of many a tale,
That cast their shadows o'er Wyoming's vale,
Or, where the sun's declining glories shed
Their crimson lights on Alleghany's head,
Still westward let thy steps in fancy go,
Where dark Miami's storied waters flow,
Or where Peoria spreads her prairies wide,
Or Kalamazoo pours her silver tide.
It is a land in which kind nature wears
Her mildest aspect, and her sweetest airs,
A land of lakes, and woods, and plains, and streams,
Sweet as remembered tints of summer dreams.

Here dwell that race, a wonder at the first,
In forests bred, in war and wandering nurst,
Who, plumed and painted, indolent and free,
Still rove their plains and deem it liberty;

Still hug those charms the flagging chase supplies,
Slow to repine, and careless to be wise.
Pleas'd is this man; an Indian let him be,
His heart is gen'rous, and his soul is free!
Pleas'd is this man, with all his gods have giv'n,
His home, his country, and his promis'd heav'n;
Pleas'd with the joys a life of sloth supplies,
His winter cabin, and his summer skies,
Woods, hills, and plains, that spread with prospect dim,
And heaven, he thinks, has formed alone for him:
Pleas'd with the gifts the day and hour may grant,
And doubly happy to escape from want.
Enough for him; his fathers asked no more,
But just to live, as hunters lived before.
Enough for him; it was his father's pride
To smile on death, and die as warriors died,
To glide from life, where kindred looks are cast,
Rest, and be numbered with his tribe at last.

Judge then this man; what is? what is he not?
Scyth, Arab, Tartar, Thracian, Hottentot,
A Celt in Mexic, Gheber in Peru,
Here quite a Pict, and yonder half a Jew.
A hunter or a warrior, one or both,
Now rous'd to fury, and now sunk to sloth;
A being, base or noble, proud or tame,
Forever changing, yet fore'er the same.
In whom, extremes of burning passion show,
The fox or eagle, dove or carcajou:
Now forming heroes, pois'd on heights sublime,
Now fiends, descending down to every crime.
A forest race, in elder ages lost,
The great unsolved enigma of our coast.

Placed in a sphere, where danger, death, and strife
O'ercloud the dawn, and hem the path of life,
Where streams and woods his daily vision bound,
Tornadoes sweep and stunning falls resound;
Where clouds and skies are typically read,
The heavens his volume, and the earth his bed—
Nature, his mind, hath with quick purpose fraught,
More practiced he in action than in thought.
And yet this man, so strong to action prone,
Sinks back to sloth whene'er the deed is done:
Like those convulsive fits, by care or pain,
Educed upon the patient's fever'd brain,
He starts, glares, grasps—exasperated sore,
Then sinks far more enfeebled than before:
The bold exploit is still a meteor growth,
By turns a hero, and by choice a sloth.

A trust more firm in heaven's o'erruling power,
To bless the full, and guard the pinching hour,
No martyr's patience, and no prophet's zeal,
Paynim or Christian, bond or free, can feel.
As she, whose cruise, with never-failing tide,
Each day's demand, the night's increase supplied;
So trustful, that some kind supernal hand,
Will fill his wigwam, and restock his land,
He lives a fatalist in mind and trust,
Joys that he can joy, sorrows that he must,
Is ill or well, in plenty or extremes,
Has skies of blue, or beatific dreams;
Not that he hunts, or toils, or plans amiss,
But that his Spirit sends, or frowns away the bliss.
Nor thinks the God, who renovates the trees,
Prepares the fruit, and wafts the grateful breeze,

Could ask for harder tasks than those he pays,
In toil and danger o'er the trackless maze;
Nor seek for hearts, nor praise of purer tone,
Than those he offers at his altar stone.

To him the vale of death is spread with charms,
No judgment frights him, and no hell alarms;
A flowery path, where life without alloy,
Rolls on, one round of pure, unmingled joy:
Time comes unsigh'd for, unregretted flies,
Pleas'd that he lives, but happy that he dies.

Cheer'd with the present good, of sense or will,
He wastes no thought upon the future ill,
Whether of mind or body; all his fear
Is roused by hate, or want, or glory here.
Enjoys what time, or providence may grant,
Nor thinks, in plenty, of the day of want.
Love, to his breast, brings no refin'd delight,
And reason wanders in chaotic night:
He sees but dimly what the past has brought,
Or future bodes, unteaching and untaught—
Drags life away to sweet reflection blind,
And blunts in riot the nomadic mind.

A hope thus erring, pleasing, vague, and blind,
Arrests the hand and innervates the mind.
Around his cot the thorn and thistle grows,
No toil he covets and no art he knows;
Or, if on art, a passing care may fall,
'Tis labor'd, tawdry, and barbaric all.
Country, to him, is but a space of ground,
Where fruits are never toil'd for, but are found—

And when exhausted by the spear or bow,
Not worth the vulgar labors of the plough.
Tall mountains spread, and lakes of liquid blue,
To screen the hind, or waft the light canoe—
More sweet the shades, more dear to sight and sound,
Where nature blooms a wilderness around.

The Indian loves to travel: life, to him,
Consists of far-off vistas, always dim
But pleasing: in this blest dreamy land,
Still on—far wandering—all his hopes expand.
He deems it filled with pleasures and a zest,
To make the hunter's life supremely blest;
There rove the noblest hinds, and loveliest show
Of foot and wing, that teeming life may know;
There forests spread, which yield the coolest shades,
The purest waters, and the sweetest glades.
It is his constant lure, as sportive led,
In those sweet haunts to take a deeper tread,
Hope ever whispers in his trustful breast,
The farthest boundaries are still the best;
And thus he roves, as years go round and round,
From vale to valley, and from bourne to bound,
Forever hoping, though to-day deny,
To-morrow shall the promised boon supply.
Others may sceptres wield, or crowns bestow,
He loves his woods, his freedom and his bow,
And blest with all he sees, around, above,
He walks the wild Adonis of the grove.

Living or dying, acting or at rest,
The world of sense engrosses all his breast,
And such the force of habit on the mind,
Casts little thought before him, or behind.

A man so void of forecast, he might seem,
Like a lost barque upon Niagara's stream,
Tost by the winds and waves, where'er the force
Of heady currents point its veering course,
And if no pitying hand, from off the shore,
Stretch out the sail, or ply the bending oar,
Is onward borne with shrieks of frantic woe,
And whirled beneath the sounding gulf below:
Poor, outcast child of heaven's supernal plan,
Lost, erring race of Eden-driven man!

But closer scan this race we savage call—
See one bold trait triumphant over all,
Shine through the foils that name and hue impart,
And stamp the warrior-passion on the heart.
War is their pride; in war the sage delights,
And lisping youth are taught its solemn rites;
Their proudest hope, that they may once excel,
And act a part their sires esteemed so well.
Sports fill the pauses slumb'ring warfare grants,
The dance gives pleasure and the feast enchants:
The chase or dance, an equal joy excites,
This proves their prowess, *that* recounts their fights,
But e'en in sports, war prompts the youthful train,
They feign the attack, and fight it o'er again,
Rehearse the arts to trap the wary foe,
They raise the lance, they aim the deadly blow,
Advance, retreat, act o'er each warrior-part,
And shout to tell they know their father's art.

To try their skill, full oft the frolic train,
With noisy mirth, assemble on the plain;
It is the forest school, the hunter boy
Here apes the man, and shouts with rising joy,

Of noble deeds in fancy's warfare wrought,
Arts that are not *innate*, and must be *taught*.
Here youth to youth, and band to band contend,
To wield the hatchet, or the bow to bend—
To tread the festive chant—a measur'd strain,
Or drive the oaken ball across the plain.
Age holds the prize, in pomp of pride sedate,
The chiefs and umpires of the little state—
A judge in strength, a judge in manhood vies,
These are in hunting, those in council wise,
And as the youth their active arts employ,
Smile on the scene, and feel paternal joy.

Oft blithe the Indian runners stand to view,
With youthful pride each other to outdo,
Robes cast aside, and brows with sweet-grass crown'd,
With naked feet they press the level ground;
Oft draw the girdle to increase their speed,
Then nimbly bound away across the mead.
Hot is the contest, high the shouts of pride,
As sounding footsteps warn the crowd aside;
Hope, fear, suspense, as oft the struggle veers,
Seize on the crowd and swell amid their cheers,
Till, joining loud to loud, and shrill to shrill,
They peal the triumph of the victor's skill.
Not herds of bison, wheel'd in wild affright,
With louder tumult urge their dusty flight,
Nor hungry wolves, on their nocturnal round,
Pour out so wild an olio of sound.

'Tis at such times that thrills of feeling start,
And all the patriarch pervades his heart;
The chieftain, seated in his birchen cot,
A sage or victor half forgets his lot;

Smiles, as he narrates scenes of want and strife,
And glows with many a charity of life.
Proud of the wisdom suited to his state,
And *happy* that he does not know his *fate*,
He thanks his Spirit that he still is blest
With joy and health to reassure the rest,
Enjoys the little gifts the season sends,
Nor asks a safer home or dearer friends,
But trusts the forest still shall yield his fare,
Nor doubts his offspring heaven's peculiar care,
And hopes, a life of war and hunting o'er,
To join his fathers on the *happy shore*.

While thus around him, scene and actor join,
His heart to soften, and his soul refine,
A kindly ardor glows through every vein,
And festive sounds redouble o'er the plain.
The drum, long silent through the wintry hour,
Invites again the painted dancer's power;
The social pipe, with quills and ribbons bound,
Replumed for use, is duly passed around;
The Indian pibegwon, whose pensive lay
Youth only wakes, and lovers only play,
Blends with the bony rattle's harsher power,
To crown the gay, diversionary hour;
Each sterner thought with war is left behind,
And feast and revelry engross the mind.

Nor, in the pauses of the mirthful hour,
Is age neglectful of instruction's power;
For e'en the hunter, hunter though he be,
Has knowledge fitted to his poor degree,
And ever, as the moving scene is still,
With wise monition aims the pause to fill.

Knowledge with him consists of certain lore,
And forest rites his fathers taught before;
Such as the dread of spells, or hope of fame,
War, want, or hospitality, may claim.
And maxims uttered to the wise and young,
Drop as brook-water on the fever'd tongue;
Please, while they strengthen, while they teach, delight,
And feed the ardor which themselves excite.

Books, he has heard of, as some secret thing,
Whence, men of other state, their doctrines bring.
And all well suited to their weal and woe,
But which he knows not, nor desires to know:
And schools, as places, where the youth are bound,
In one laborious, dull, progressive round
Of tasks and study, letter-craft and rules,
Which show how much barbarians have been fools;
The art of numbers to his mind is such,
He views it as some talismanic touch
By which accumulation's power is told,
And beaver robes converted into gold.
Poor as he is, he thinks 'twould make him worse,
And schools be dearly purchased for a curse.

So deems he letters, but of active fires,
Such as the council, battle, chase, requires;
Discourses knowingly, by word or tale,
Points where the warrior, chief, or hunter fail;
And where the young should strive a rule to keep,
Pause ere they strike, and look before they leap.
Thus to the youthful listener he supplies
The lore by which he lives, by which he dies;
That forest-lore, that mingled in the dance,
Is oft a book, and often a romance.

Where'er he goes, with every care entwin'd,
The dance is still the pole-star of his mind;
He dances under every varying state
Fortune may bring, or fancy may create.
To quicken action, energize desire,
Give feeling, language, or expression fire:
In love or hate, despondency or joy,
A friend to succor, or a foe destroy.

He dances, hidden powers around to lure,
If plenty makes him rich, or famine poor;
In life—to soothe the ear of languid woe;
In death—to cause the bitter tear to flow;
In peace—the timid steps of youth to draw;
In war—the valiant heart to nerve or awe.
To give the charmed simple mystic power,
To hallow every ceremonial hour;
Invoke the spell, that oft an idle call,
Heaven answer'd once, to freeze the gaze of Saul.

He dances, when with war his bosom burns;
Dances—when he departs; when he returns;
Dances—to woo the evil spirit near;
Dances—to scout him off by sounds of fear;
Dances—in feast or famine, sick or well,
To draw a blessing, or a curse expel,
And his whole life, as hopes and fears advance,
Is one long, wild, devotionary dance.

But chief the war-dance, pride of youth and age!
Excites his hopes, and disciplines his rage,
For, the same note, that rules the measur'd tread,
Wakes every thought of glory, quick or dead.

The youthful warrior, as he shakes his lance,
Glows in the feat, and wantons in the dance;
Rapt with the sport, he gives his fancy rein,
Fights with the valiant, welters with the slain.
He seems, in thought, to wield the gory blade,
And thrills beneath the wily ambuscade,
And when he shouts, it is a shout to tell
How blithe he treads the war-path, and how well.

Thoughts thus inwoven with the thread of life,
The bold surprise, or sanguinary strife,
Grow strong with age, and, in the dying hour,
Disarm the knife or fagot of its power.
Dim, else, were every page of Indian lore,
The warrior's triumph, and the prophet's power;
Fame ne'er had crown'd the Onondaga league,
Or northern bravery burn'd in WABOJEEG.

Thus, e'en in pleasure war usurps the mind,
Forging in youth the fetters age shall bind;
The kindling passion through each action shines,
His vigor sharpens, and his wit refines;
Calls forth the strength to act, the skill to plan,
And rules, and guides, and governs all the man.
The thought of war ne'er leaves the hunter's brain,
Like glowing wine, it runs through every vein.
The chase, the feast, may glitter to the view,
With plenty crown'd, and pleasures ever new;
Yet do they pass, like golden clouds of air,
And all his nobler thoughts are thoughts of war.
Its voice, with soul-arousing rapture fills,
Wide o'er his nutland vales, and laurel hills;

And mute on Talladega, northward pours,
To vex the Algic tribes, and rend Superior's shores.

War is thus planted in the Indian frame,
But planted as the fruitful tree of fame,
That shall send up the impulse from its root,
And leaf, and branch, and body, all bear fruit.
Honor to him, as honor to mankind,
Springs from brave actions, or a noble mind;
These to exhibit, and be great or high,
War seems the readiest avenue to try.
Peace has but little, to the savage mind,
The highest energies of soul to bind;
Poor by his birthright, poorer by his fate,
He has no lettered highway to be great;
No classic board, or literary town,
To sound the plaudit, and to place the crown;
He must acquire it by some ruder charm,
Such as impelled Kiskopo's son* to arm;
Cunning in stratagem, address in flight,
Or manly daring in the mortal fight.

The love of fame, represt or unreprest,
Beams in his eye, and mantles in his breast;
And grant but this, and we shall soon be shown,
Why Gautimozin dies without a groan!
Or old Toronto, from his ember bed,
Hurls the red brand at his tormentor's head!
Acting or thinking, 'tis his highest aim
To grasp the crown of sublunary fame.
He knows no higher path, no steeper road,
For ah! he dreams not of a Saviour God:

* Tecumseh.

Nor doubts the spirit of a carnal sky
Will hail his coming, howsoe'er he die.

Applause, cries Ethwald, in the white man's breast,
With varied honors makes the wisher blest;
As different measures, in the vase or bowl,
If fill'd at all, makes it completely full.
The herbalist, enraptured with his flow'r,
Joys, can he find a single anther more;
The crystal hunter, in his sweet employ,
Can he but prove a form unknown to Hauy;
The geognost hath reach'd the temple's throne,
Can he but point the separating zone
That, with fixed fossils of organic life,
Marks the grand eras of chaotic strife.
More venal honor fascinates the throng,
A speech, or an election, or a song;
So the wild Indian, in his cottage dun,
Joys in a medal, glories in a gun.
He feels the shout that rends the council ring,
As if he bore the honors of a king;
Nor courts the charm of approbation's sound,
Beyond his simple countrymen around.
Give white or red, the fame his thoughts indite,
And his enjoyments will be equal quite;
Whether he sighs, like Brant, to wield the mace,
Or joys with Skenando to close his race,
'Tis still ambition, and its highest flight—
One sought it in a council, one a fight;
Or, if you would a moral instance bear,
See Mongazid ambitious of a prayer.

Nor is the view of visionary kind,
That points ambition in the Indian mind;

No new-found principles prepares his heart,
To smile on danger, and contemn the smart.
Flame's kindling notes the fires of action fan,
This forms the warrior, and *this* forms the man;
For this, the hunter (such as hunters were,
Ere sport became a business and a care),
Hope in his eye, drives reckless through the woods,
Or braves the angry spirits of the floods;
For this, essays the long-enduring fast,
Stern in his mien, and manful to the last.
For this, treads on, with wily steps and slow,
Then peals the yell, and rushes on the foe;
Secure, if no kind fate his life prolong,
Applauding notes shall swell his funeral song.
And happy, though he vanquish not, to know,
Admiring warriors shall repay the blow;
What else made NOKA choose the van of strife?
Or for his son BYAINSWA, give his life.

To mark this ruling bias of the mind,
Two warrior-traits above the rest we find;
These he inherits with his earliest breath,
Contempt of suffering, and the scorn of death.
Strength, skill, alertness, secrecy, and speed
Are lighter arts, the chase itself may need;
But these result from war, and war alone,
Born in the flesh, and nurtur'd in the bone.

To him, there is no lingering wish for life,
No dread transmitted by the gleaming knife;
No terror in the poison-tinctur'd dart,
No blanching, by the grim tormentor's art.

These, well he knows, are in the warrior's train,
And he who triumphs, triumphs over pain;
The highest boast the youthful warrior forms,
Is not—to brave the winter's maddest storms!
Is not—to brook, with uncomplaining woe,
The pains of fasting, or the grizzly foe!
Ah no! far higher hopes his bosom swell,
In pain to triumph, and the fight excel;
Light task to him the fagot or the rack,
To die a Philip, or a Pontiac.

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